

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



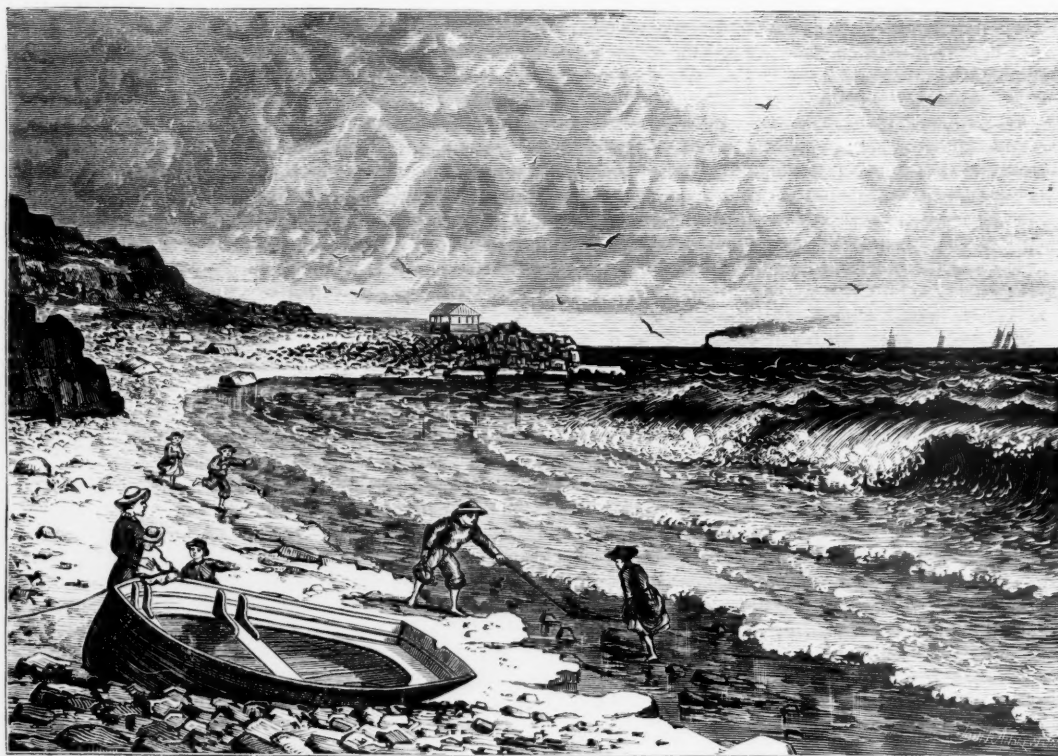
CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 21.

Boston, August, 1888.

No. 3.



A DAY ON THE BEACH.

## SIX HUNDRED IMPS AFLOAT.

The New York *Tribune* heads an account of a newsboys' excursion, "*Six Hundred Imps Afloat*," and it probably came as near the truth as anything could if the following is anything like correct:

"The boys crowded and fought like madmen and broke into the lunch room, many of them getting three or four shares while others

got none. For a time it looked as if some one would be seriously hurt. Having hurled at the reporters all that they could not eat the gamins set to work in earnest and tossed overboard every movable object, including benches, wooden horses, gratings, hats and the fenders, which they cut loose. Then they had fights, pitched pennies and made a tremendous racket until at 6 o'clock they were landed at the point from which they started."

[Somebody ought to work these Six hundred imps into a "*Band of Mercy*." If left to themselves one of them may burn half the city of New York some windy night.]—EDITOR.

Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of pity.—Luther.

## THE RED CROSS OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Into the shell-shattered city of Strasburg on the morning after its capitulation to the Grand Duke of Baden, there walked unguarded, unattended save by a maid, a slight delicate woman in a dark, plain dress, *with a scarlet cross wrought in her sleeve above the elbow*. Through the battalions of conquering troops which guarded the city she went fearlessly, unchallenged and unmolested, and the sentinels on the ramparts grounded their muskets as she touched the scarlet symbol on her arm, and hurried past them over the heaps of dead and dying, into the heart of the stricken city. She found famine, fire, terror, a shattered city surrendering through hunger, its hospitals filled with wounded women and children, its streets swarming with half-naked, half-starved, frenzied people, a city whose able-bodied men were all in the conscripted ranks of the French army or in the prisons of Germany.

Through the instrumentality of the stranger, in forty days the hungry were fed, the sick healed, and the naked clothed. Boxes of supplies came by hundreds into the city, marked ever with the scarlet symbol she wore, money poured into her treasury faster than she could spend it, and scores of brave nurses and heroic assistants gathered about her. White hands that had never known labor bound the scarlet badge on their arms, and the proudest ladies of Germany, under the sign of the crimson cross, went down to the help and succor of the city which their troops had conquered. Indeed, so abundant were the offerings of clothing that a message was sent to the Empress, "You are making paupers of Strasburg with your generosity; send me material rather than clothing, that I may hire them made up here, and thus create an industry for the people." The material was sent, and twice each week hundreds of women went to her door with baskets on their arms to receive their work, for which they were abundantly paid. Forty thousand neatly fashioned garments of assorted sizes were packed in boxes stamped *with the scarlet cross*.

The Commune had fallen in Paris. The crash of the column Vendome still thrilled in the startled air. The flames of the Hotel de Ville lit the city with the lurid light. The streets were reeking with blood, and the air was heavy with the groans of the dying.

Suddenly there appeared the same vision of mercy that came to the need of Strasburg. Pale, dust-covered, travel-worn, and well nigh exhausted, for she had walked seven miles into the city (90,000 horses having been eaten by the people, none were left for transportation.) The German troops outside the city detained her with no questions *when they caught the gleam of the scarlet*

*cross*. Cordons of French soldiers guarding the streets lowered their bayonets as she touched the glowing symbol, and the sullen, frenzied mob made way for her to pass.

The Mayor had been reinstated in his office but a few hours, the dust of months lay thick on books and papers, his assistants were hurrying to and fro and writing frantically. The Mayor himself was anxious, weary, heart sick. Suddenly a soft voice sounded in his ear, an earnest, resolute, tender woman's face was lifted to his own, he caught the gleam of the *scarlet cross*, and heard the low, clear words, "Mayor, I have come to help you. I have 40,000 garments in my boxes outside the city, and plenty of money." The Mayor's house was instantly at her disposal, but she argued, "It is too grand for my work; give me some humble place where the poor will not be afraid to come to me."

"Madam, eight months ago I left my home, as I supposed, to be burned—to-day, through the grace of God, it stands intact. Is it too good for God's poor? Make it your headquarters—they will go to you anywhere."

The history of Strasburg repeats itself, and the hungry were fed, the naked clothed, the poor taught self-helpfulness, and then the woman of the red cross vanished.

When the Mississippi overflowed its banks in 1884, and people were without homes, food, money, or seed for the next season's planting, suddenly out of the turbulent waters a steamer laden to her guards with every variety of provender, sustenance and comfort for man and beast, came to the rescue of the suffering people. Whence she came, how provisioned, by whom supplied, no one knew; only a *woman stood at the helm, with a cross of crimson on her sleeve*, and at the mast a banner floated—a *shield of white crossed with scarlet bars*. When the floods abated and the needs were all supplied, the strange craft vanished and her colors were hauled down in an unknown port.

High up in the Balkan mountains the soldiers of Bulgaria were freezing and dying for want of supplies. Word came to the woman with the scarlet cross, *was forwarded to her colleagues in various cities*, and before night this telegram was sent from New Albany: "*Call on us for \$500 for the Balkan soldiers*." The message was cablegrammed to Geneva, Switzerland, the next morning: "*The Red Cross of America sends \$500 to the Balkan soldiers*." Telegrams were sent from Geneva to Bulgaria, goods were purchased to that amount, and the next day after the woman of the Red Cross received the call of need, high up in the fastnesses of the Bulgarian mountains, the soldiers were receiving the warm garments sent by the people of New Albany.

*Who is this mysterious woman that controls the soldiers of opposing armies and commands the Exchange of the world with the gleam of a scarlet cross?*

Heroes of the rebellion know her as the first woman nurse to bring comfort and succor to the wounded. Surgeons remember when her white tented wagons drove upon the field the things most needed were at hand. The army of the Potomac know her and the heroes of Morris Island have never forgotten the only woman who remained on the island, caring for the wounded while the shot and shell fell like hail. The Andersonville prisoners remember the woman who took them by the hand, and the widows and mothers of the Andersonville dead will ever remember her at whose request the bodies of the 30,000 men who died there were identified and buried in marked graves. The sufferers of the Ohio floods, Michigan fires, Charleston earthquake, Texas drought, and recent Mount Vernon tornado can tell you who she is, and every sovereign in Europe knows well the name and works of *Clara Barton*, the President of the "*American Red Cross*."

[We would rather be Clara Barton than King, Queen, or Emperor.]—EDITOR.

## AT LAST.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown;

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O Love Divine, O Helper, ever present,  
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love that answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let thy spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace—  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,  
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions  
The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song.  
And find, at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long.

If you will be as pleasant and as anxious to please in your home as you are in the company of your neighbors, you may have one of the happiest homes in the world.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER, Vice President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Over five thousand eight hundred branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over four hundred thousand members.

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:

1st, Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2d, Copy of Band of Mercy Information.

3d, Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4th, Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5th, Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6th, For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of *Juvenile Temperance Associations* and teachers and Sunday school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member, but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

## A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

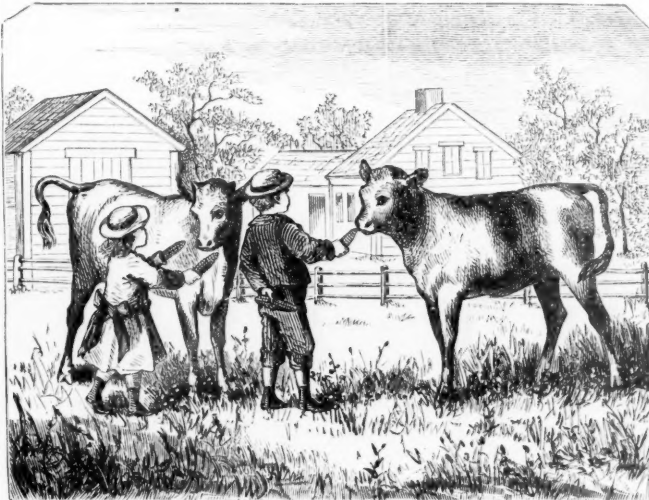
7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

## PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices, sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life Member* of the "Parent American Band of Mercy," and a "Band of Mercy" member of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost, or can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-cent return postage stamp, have names added to the list, and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women not only of Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the "Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certificates at ten cents a hundred.



## BUTTERCUP AND DAISY.

(For Our Dumb Animals).

### BUTTERCUP AND DAISY.

Dear Readers:—

I would like to tell you a story about my little brother Clinton and myself. We each have a nice little calf down at grandpa's farm in the country. One is a pure Alderney, grandpa says, and is of a beautiful fawn color; the other is red and white. Grandpa let us name them; so we called them Buttercup and Daisy. Clinton's is Buttercup, and mine is Daisy.

They are both very kind and gentle. Both have cunning little horns, just coming out of their heads; but they do not hook little brother or me. In the picture you will see them eating corn out of our hands.

At first we were afraid of their damp noses and rough tongues; but we soon got over that, and now feed them every time we go to the farm.

Papa tried to have the little Alderney give us a ride on its back; but, as soon as we were well on, the calf kicked up his heels and ran away, saying, "Bah!" and leaving brother and me on our backs on the grass. We were not hurt at all, but had a good laugh.

Buttercup soon came back for more corn; and uncle said, "Give it to her in the ear;" but I said I thought her mouth was the best place to put it in. Then uncle laughed, and said that was a joke. Do you know what he meant?

HARRY C. MATHER.

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope*.

## A SPOOK.

At Birdseye, Ind., Miss Josie Carroll went out after supper to visit a neighbor. Her younger brother and some other boys conceived the idea of frightening her with a spook upon her return through a little dark strip of woods. About nine o'clock the young lady started for home, and when she had reached the spot one of the boys jumped from ambush covered with a sheet. The girl uttered a shriek and fell insensible to the ground. The boys, frightened at what they had done, ran away. When help came a few moments later she was found in convulsions and died in thirty minutes. Miss Carroll was a beautiful girl and a school teacher.

A MONTANA paper referred the other day to "Kaiser William of Germany." "Kaiser William" is not a German, but an American, and his other front name is "Tecumseh."—*Lovell Courier*.

## TWO GOOD SWIMMERS.

One bright summer morning as I was strolling toward the beach on the Island of Mackinac, I saw, a short distance ahead of me, two little pigs, one perfectly white and the other perfectly black, both the same size, trudging along side by side in the same direction as myself.

They seemed so out of place, and I was so curious to know whither they were bound, that I followed them unobserved. They did not walk aimlessly, but as if they had some special object in view, and some definite destination.

I wondered what they would do when they reached the water. I was not long in being answered. Without a moment's hesitation, they plunged into the waves, side by side, and swam out and away toward another island, six miles distant. I stood and watched them until their two little heads looked like balls bobbing up and down, side by side all the time.

When I related the incident to the landlord, a little later, he looked astonished and annoyed.

"Those pigs," he said, "were to have been served up for dinner to-day. They were brought here this morning in a boat from that island, six miles away, and we thought we might allow them their freedom, never thinking of their making an attempt to go home."

"And did you notice," he continued, "they chose the point of land nearest the island where they came from, to enter the water? Singular that the little animals should have been so bright! And, furthermore, they weren't landed there; that makes it more strange."

I, too, left the island that day, and I have never heard whether these brave little pigs ever reached their destination or not.—*Harper's Young People*.

[We never heard of just such a swim before, but remember that the landlord of "The Lovell Island House," off Marblehead harbor, some years ago brought a cow from the mainland about a mile distant. A short time after some one came running into the house to tell him that his cow had started for Marblehead, and when he came out she had swam about half the distance.]—*EDITOR*.



## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

*Boston, August, 1888.*

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk street.

## THE ABATTOIR AT BRIGHTON.

At the suggestion of a distinguished physician, sanitarian, and Vice President of our Society, we take pleasure in giving a little of our early history in relation to the Brighton Abattoir. At the formation of our society early in 1868, one of the first things considered was the importance of securing better and more wholesome meats for our citizens, by improving the methods then practised in slaughtering and transportation. Upon this ground I obtained from our Boston city government the services of seventeen policemen, carefully selected from the whole force, for the period of three weeks, reporting to me every morning, to canvass the entire city at the city's expense, to raise funds for our society. Rumors had come to me of terrible things practised in the Brighton slaughter houses. After much effort and several failures, I at length succeeded in getting hold of the proprietor of one of those slaughter houses who had been about twenty years at the business, and obtaining from him for publication a revelation of the atrocities of which he was cognizant.

To use his own words he said: "*I've done cruelly enough to animals and now I'm going to see if I can't do 'em some good.*"

In June 1868, I published in the first number of this paper, *two hundred thousand copies of that statement*. By permission of our city government I sent through the Boston police, a copy into every house in Boston. I then asked the members of the Massachusetts legislature (at the time in session) to distribute them in their respective cities and towns, and supplied them with many thousands of copies for that purpose. I then obtained from General Burt, postmaster of Boston, a letter to all other postmasters in the State asking them to aid the society, and in this way completed the distribution to every city and town in the State. I also published in contrast a description by Sir Francis Head, of the merciful provisions of the great Abattoir at Paris, and a letter to the same effect written by Mr. May of Boston, and I brought these matters by correspondence, conversation and otherwise to the attention of Doctor Derby, Secretary of our Massachusetts State Board of Health. In these ways our society either laid or helped lay a foundation of public sentiment, which through the efforts of Doctor's Bowditch, Derby and others, resulted in the abolition of those terrible slaughter houses and the establishing of our splendid and merciful Abattoir.

Subsequently we bought, not as an investment but to have a voice in the management of the Abattoir, several shares of the stock, which our society still holds.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Mr. Boggs (reading English history): "The Prince of Wales in 1798"—Mrs. Boggs (interrupting): "The Prince of Wales in 1798! Goodness! I didn't know the Prince of Wales was such an old man!"

## SOMETHING NEW IN OUR COLLEGES.

The following letter written to the President of Harvard University may be equally useful elsewhere:

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS,  
19 MILK ST., BOSTON, July 2, 1888.

CHARLES W. ELIOT, L. L. D.,

*President of Harvard University.*

MY DEAR SIR:—It occurs to me to suggest for your kind consideration, why not in the multifarious lectures of your great University, have one course devoted to the various humane movements which mark the progress of our modern civilization? The treatment of the insane and criminal classes; the prevention of pauperism and crime; humane education; the prevention of wars; arbitration; the Red Cross movement; and other public charities.

In the vast progress now being made in the charity with which I am particularly identified, viz.: the protection of dumb animals from cruelty; the societies being formed; the laws being enacted; the over six thousand branches of our Massachusetts Parent Band of Mercy, with their nearly half a million members; the hundreds of thousands of copies of our Society's humane publications now sent out annually, our paper going monthly to from five to eight thousand editors in the United States and to many abroad; the effects of teaching kindness to animals on public health and the prevention of crime, and in promoting the happiness of human lives. There is a vast field in this one charity alone, in regard to which it would be useful for educated young men to be informed. So with other charities.

You may remember that some years ago, by your kind permission, I addressed the faculty and students of your University, Sunday evening in your chapel. About the same time I had the pleasure of addressing the faculties and students of Dartmouth, Amherst and Williams Colleges, and since then I have had the pleasure of addressing the faculties and students of various universities and colleges in the Middle, Southern and Western States. I have never, in a single instance, failed to receive kind attention, and great good has resulted. When I called upon President Hayes at Washington, a few years ago, to ask him to put into his annual message to Congress, something I had written in regard to the transportation of animals, he at once replied: "*When I was a member of the Harvard University Law School, I heard a sermon by Rev. Dr. Hedge, on kindness to animals, which I have never forgotten, and what you have written shall go into my message,*" and it did.

At the close of one of my addresses to the students of a college in New Orleans, a gentleman in the audience arose and said: "*About ten years ago I was a student in Dartmouth College. Mr. Angell came there and addressed the faculty and students in the College Chapel. I had never thought of the subject before. When I left College there was no one thing more strongly impressed upon my mind than my duty to the lower animals.*" The gentleman was then assistant superintendent of the public schools of Minneapolis, and has since held, I believe, the position of superintendent. These are but two of many cases showing the advantage of bringing these subjects before college students.

I have little doubt that your university chapel would be filled to hear Clara Barton tell the story of the Red Cross movement, or Mrs. Liv-

ermore, of Woman Suffrage, or Frances E. Willard, of that great woman's temperance organization, which is already reaching into almost every hamlet on this continent, and powerfully influencing the politics of some of our most important States. It seems to me it would be easy to inaugurate such a course of lectures at very little expense. Many lecturers would deem it a privilege, as I have, to pay their own expenses, and speak without pecuniary remuneration. If a small endowment is necessary, I think I can find those willing to contribute.

I would like to have Harvard and Massachusetts take the credit of setting an example to be followed by other institutions throughout the country, and so stand in the line of progress, *princeps principum*. Please give it your kind and careful consideration, and oblige,

Yours very respectfully,

GEO. T. ANGELL,

*President Massachusetts Society Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and of the Parent American Band of Mercy,*  
19 Milk St., Boston.

In response to the above letter, we have received from President Eliot a very kind answer, stating what has been done thus far at Harvard in this matter, and closing—"We consider it an advantage to have the opportunity of listening from time to time to gentlemen who are identified, like yourself, with particular reforms or humane enterprises. Wishing you all success in your effort to commend this branch of instruction to the attention of colleges in general, I am, very truly yours, CHARLES W. ELIOT."

## ANARCHIST SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN CHICAGO.

In the Boston *Evening Traveller's* report of the doings of the National Convention of the Societies of Christian Endeavor, held at Chicago last month, I find that Boston has not over 25,000 Protestant church members, New York less than 90,000, Chicago less than 100,000, and that about two millions eight hundred and sixty thousand of the population of these three cities do not attend Protestant churches. How many attend the Roman Catholic I do not know. In the same paper I find that the Chicago Anarchists have opened Sunday schools in that city, where old and young are taught their doctrines, and that nearly twenty-five thousand adults and children are already enrolled in these Sunday schools.

Some years ago the secretary of a large organization of the best citizens of Chicago wrote, asking my views in regard to the best methods of preventing crime in that city, and I answered, establish at once a "*Band of Mercy*" in every public school of your city and begin to teach the children mercy and kindness, and there is no way in which you can do it more effectively than by teaching them to say kind words and do kind acts to God's lower creatures which they are meeting in the streets a hundred times a day, and which always return gratitude for kindness. There was never a time in our history when this humane education was more needed than it is now. There is no other way in which you can better reach Anarchists and all the enemies of law and order, than through their children in our public schools. Our Massachusetts Society, so far as its missionary fund will go, stands ready to aid without cost every effort to establish "*Bands of Mercy.*"

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## SPECIMENS OF LETTERS WE ARE RECEIVING.

FANDON, Frontier Co., Nebraska.

I am desirous to organize "Bands of Mercy;" am going to work through our county paper to get every Sunday-School in the county to organize if possible. How can I be supplied with humane literature? We are poor. Be as lenient as possible.

Answer. Glad to send everything you want.

EASTON, MARYLAND.

I have been much interested in a copy of "Our Dumb Animals" sent to my husband as Editor of "The Democrat." Your work is greatly needed here. Please send me humane literature, &c., &c.

Answer. Glad to send.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,  
QUEBEC, CANADA.

Geo. T. ANGELL, Esq.,

Dear Sir:

I expect to meet three or four hundred teachers of the Public Schools of this Province during the next two weeks, and desire to interest them in "Bands of Mercy." Will you please send four hundred copies each of *Band of Mercy Information*, *Twelve Lessons on Kindness*, and *Five Questions Answered*, and enclose account to me at Department of Public Instruction, Quebec, Canada.

ELSON I. REXFORD, Secretary.

Answer. Glad to send.

CAIRO, ILL.

Your kind letter and all the humane literature received, for which please accept my sincere thanks. I have organized a good Humane Society here of about one hundred members, and seventeen Bands of Mercy, lists of which I enclose. The best lever in this work is in getting the children into "Bands of Mercy."

C. S. HUBBARD.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

I have sent circulars, (copy enclosed) to all teachers of this county, and to every county superintendent in the State, and forward the list of names, that you may send them all humane literature.

Answer. Glad to send.

T. E. BOWMAN.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

I enclose one dollar and want you to send some humane leaflets and lessons on kindness, to hand to children Sundays as they come from Sunday-School. I am a lame girl and entirely deaf, and get my living by selling things, but I must do something for those which God has made for my good.

Answer. Glad to send.

TAUNTON.

Your work for the birds is beginning to tell in this city. They are more numerous here this spring than they have been for years before, for which please accept our grateful thanks.

H. T. P.

[We have sent our bird placard to every town in the State offering prizes for evidence to convict of violation of law, &c.—Editor.]

BRANDING OF CATTLE.—CHEMISTS.

A New Mexico Ranch owner asks us if Chemists cannot furnish some preparation that will stop the growth of the hair, and so mark cattle as to save the present necessity of branding them with a hot iron. Will some chemists answer?

AFTON, INDIAN TERRITORY.

I live in Indian Territory. Thy papers are needed here. I have no money to pay for papers, but if thee will send them, I will distribute them and perhaps can organize a "Band of Mercy."

Answer. Glad to send.

E. W. H.

SANFORD, Florida, July 4, 1888.

I have organized "Bands of Mercy" at St. Augustine, Rev. C. Bennett, President; two at Palatka, Florida, Rev. E. H. Butler and Rev. R. B. Brookins, Presidents, and two at this place, W. E. Durham and A. S. Simons, Presidents. I leave for other points on Friday.

WM. M. ARTRELL.

## A STROKE OF LUCK.

Landlady (of fashionable boarding-house to applicant): "Have you children, madam?" Applicant: "No; I had a little boy but he died last summer." Landlady: "How fortunate, for we never take children."—Life.

TO RAISE A GIRL.  
"But, really, 'tis an awful serious thing to raise a girl, bring her through the mumps, measles, whooping-cough, educate her, send her to the best kind of a boarding-school, have her taught music and drawing, spend money like dirt to dress her and then have some little scamp that you remember, only just a few days ago, robbing birds'-nests, come around and take her away. It's too bad."—Arkansas Traveler.



THE TRIAL TRIP.

## FOR OUR MISSIONARY FUND.

Narragansett Pier, R. I., July 4, 1888.

Please find enclosed my check for twenty-five dollars. I should be grateful, should opportunity present, to have it aid in founding "Bands of Mercy" in Mexico, or in starting a Society P. C. A. I hope all blessings will rest on your faithful efforts.

Respectfully,

G. K.

PHILLIPS BROOKS ON JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

He belonged to the whole Church of Christ. Through him his Master spoke to all who had ears to hear. Especially, he was a living perpetual epistle to the Church of God which is in Boston. It is a beautiful, a solemn moment when the city, the church, the world, gather up the completeness of a finished life like his, and thank God for it, and place it in the shrine of memory, to be a power and a revelation thenceforth so long as city, church and world shall last. Whatever he has gone to in the great mystery beyond, he remains a word of God here in the world he loved. Let us thank our heavenly Father for the life, the work, the inspiration, of his true servant, his true saint, James Freeman Clarke.—Saturday Evening Gazette.

## RHODE ISLAND.

The annual report of the R. I. Society shows receipts about \$2,300; expenses about the same; fund about \$3,000; cases dealt with, 737; prosecutions, 35, and a large work done in the way of humane education. In report of Miss Sarah J. Eddy, chairman of committee on humane literature, &c., we find that it is proposed to send humane literature to all Rhode Island teachers, and humane leaflets to all the school children of the State.

(For Our Dumb Animals).

## THE TRIAL-TRIP.

Davie and Harold are two Boston boys. They are brothers. Last summer, they had two pretty little yachts given them by a friend. Then they had a launch in the bath-tub; and their mamma named the yachts, breaking a bottle of water (a small medicine-bottle) over the bows. Davie's yacht was named the "West Wind," and Harold's, the "Flyaway."

One afternoon the boys went to City Point, hired a row-boat, and rowed out about halfway to Fort Independence, where they put the little vessels into the water for a trial-trip. It was a pretty sight to see the sails fill with the wind, and the tiny yachts ride the waves as if they meant to go to China before they stopped.

The "West Wind" beat the "Flyaway," and I regret to say that Davie taunted his brother with the fact, and made him cry; for Harold is a boy that takes every thing to heart.

Stranger—Who is that well-dressed man standing over there on the corner?

Citizen—Oh, that is one of our saloon keepers.

S—Who is that shabbily-dressed man standing near him?

C—One of the saloon keeper's patrons.

## PIG'S FEET.

He had 'em stretched across the car for everybody to stumble over, and after surveying them for a minute a little girl turned to her ma and said:

"Is that the kind we had for dinner yesterday?"

"What, dear?"

"Why, pig's feet."

He blushed and drew 'em in.—Detroit Free Press.

[Selected for Our Dumb Animals from the Catholic Churchman].

#### LOVE FOR ANIMALS.

"He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man, and bird and beast;  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

In reading the lives of the saints, I have been particularly struck with their love for, and their power over, the animal world. They seemed to live nearer the heart of nature than other mortals, and perceived there diviner harmonies. Perhaps this sympathetic relation sprang from the belief that, as the whole natural world participated in the fall of man, so it has its part in the fruit of our Saviour's Passion. At least, they believed that animals, in common with man, received life from God and exist through him. "All creatures," says Denis the Carthusian, "partake of the divine, eternal, and uncreated beauty." The saints respected in animals that divine wisdom which Albertus Magnus tells us, in his book on animals, is to be recognized in their instinct. Dr. Newman says: "Men of narrow reasoning may smile at the supposition that the woods and wild animals can fall into the scheme of theology and preach to the heart the all-pervading principles of religion; but they forget that God's works have a unity of design throughout, and that the author of nature and of revealed religion is one."

Dr. Faber saw throughout creation a threefold manifestation of God, typifying His being, the generation of the Son, and the procession of the Spirit.

Sanctity seems to restore man to the primeval relation to nature, and give him back the power he possessed in Eden over the animal world. The Holy Scriptures tell us of beasts and birds sent to minister to the wants of man, and how the very lions revered the prophet Daniel. Animals were submissive to man before his fall, and they went obediently into the ark at the command of Noah. Such things are renewed and repeated in the lives of the Christian saints. It is not more wonderful that a raven should bring St. Paul, the Hermit, half a loaf every day for sixty years, and a whole one when visited by St. Anthony, than that one should feed the prophet. St. Gregory of Nazianzen relates that St. Basil's grandmother, St. Macrina, having taken refuge with her husband in the forest of Pontus during a persecution, was miraculously fed by stags. St. Bega, when a hermitess in a cave on the Cumberland coast, lived in supernatural familiarity with the sea-birds and the wolves of Copeland forest, and they in part supplied her with food. St. Roch is usually represented with the dog that used to accompany him in his pilgrimages. When St. Roch had the plague, the dog went daily into the city and returned with a loaf of bread for his master.

Among the old legends that embody the popular idea of the veneration of the animal world for holiness, is that of the Flight into Egypt. It is said the lions and leopards crept out of their lairs to lick the baby hands of the infant Jesus. When Christians, in the times of persecution under the Roman emperors, were thrown to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre, there are many examples of these usually ferocious animals refusing to touch the holy victims, as in the well-known instances of Andronicus and Tarchus.

St. Blaise is depicted surrounded by a variety of animals, such as the lion and the lamb, the leopard and the hind, who seem to have laid aside their animosity. This saint was obliged,

in the persecution of the reign of Diocletian, to take refuge in a cave of the mountains. It was the haunt of wild beasts, whose ferocity he so disarmed that they came every morning, as if to ask his blessing, says the old legend. One day, he met an old woman in distress for the loss of her only earthly possession, a pig, which had been carried off by a wolf. Such power had St. Blaise over the animal world, that when he ordered the wolf to bring back the pig he obeyed.

Some time after, the woman killed her pig and took a part of it to St. Blaise, who had been thrown into prison and left without any food, thereby preventing him from starving.

St. Jerome is represented, in Christian art, with the lion he healed, and which remained with him. The legend tells us the saint made the lion guard the ass that brought his fagots from the forest. One day, the lion went to sleep in the woods, and the ass was stolen. The lion returned home with drooping head, as if ashamed. St. Jerome made him bring the fagots in place of the ass, which he did till he discovered his old friend in a caravan of merchants, whom he so terrified that they confessed their sin to St. Jerome and restored the ass.

There is a very similar legend of the Abbot Gerasimus, who lived near the river Jordan.

We are told, in the lives of the fathers of the desert, of one of them who was carrying provisions across the desert to his brethren. Wearied with his burden and the long journey, he called to a wild ass he espied to come and aid him, for the love of Christ. The ass hastened to his assistance, and bore the father and his load to the cells of his brethren.

St. Aphraates dispersed the army of locusts that threatened the country around Antioch.

St. Martin commanded the serpents, and they obeyed him.

And we read how the wolf-hounds, hungry and fierce, that were kept for the chase, respected St. Walburga when she went, late at night, to visit the dying daughter of a neighboring baron.

It would almost seem as if these animals recognized, as an able writer says, the presence of Him who lulled the tempest with a word in the souls in whom he dwells.

Tradition records the fondness of one of the twelve apostles—the loved apostle John—for animals. Every one has heard of the tame partridge he took pleasure in feeding. He was seen tending his bird by a passing hunter, who expressed his surprise to see the apostle, so renowned for his age and sanctity, thus employing his time. St. John asked him if he always kept his bow bent. "That would soon render it useless," said the hunter. "So do I unbend my mind in this way for the same reason you unbend your bow—to prevent its becoming useless." Perhaps he derived his love for animals from his ancestress Rebecca, who showed the kindness of her nature in offering to water the camels of the stranger. Eliezer saw it, and began wooing her for his master's son.

There are numerous instances in which animals instinctively betook themselves to the saints for protection. A hind, pursued by dogs, took refuge with St. Giles in his cave near the mouth of the Rhone. The hunters, following on his track, found the wounded beast crouching beside the saint, who protected him. The hind remained with St. Giles, who fed on its milk. This saint is represented in paintings with the animal beside him. "Ane hind set up beside Sanct Geill," says Sir David Lindsay.

There is a similar legend about St. Procopius, a hermit, with whom a hunted hind took refuge.

As St. Anselm was riding to the Manor of Herse, a hare, pursued by hunters, sought shelter under the housings of his mule. St. Anselm wept, but the foresters laughed, and the hounds stood around at bay. The saint said: "This poor hare reminds me of the soul of a sinner beset by fiends eager to seize their prey." He ordered the hunters not to pursue the hare, which fled.

So a deer took refuge from hunters in the cell of St. Aventin, a hermit who lived on an island in the Seine. One night a bear attacked his hut with furious cries. The saint betook himself to prayer, and at dawn found the animal, subdued and gentle, lying at his door, licking his paw. The saint saw it was pierced by a thorn, and drew it out, when the beast went quietly away into the forest. When a person, who lived for a time with St. Aventin, caught some fish, the saint threw them back into the river, saying: "Go, little creatures, return to your element and food and remain there at liberty; my element and food are Jesus Christ, to whom I wish to return, that in him I may live for ever."

St. Bartholomew, a hermit of Farne, was so gentle in his movements that the wild sea-birds were not afraid of him. He allowed no one to molest them. He tamed an eider-duck, which daily fed out of his hand. One day, as St. Bartholomew was sitting on the sea-shore, a cormorant pulled the edge of his garment with its bill. He followed the bird, and found its young had fallen into a fissure in the rocks. He rescued them from danger.

St. Helier, a hermit in the isle of Jersey, lived for years on a barren crag overlooking the sea. Attention was called to the place of his retreat by the flight of the birds who shared the rock with him, and he was beheaded by his pagan discoverers.

The marine animals would fawn on St. Cuthbert while he was praying by night on the island of Farne. The eider-ducks are called by the islanders to this day "St. Cuthbert's ducks."

So the nuns of Whitby "exulting told"

"How sea-fowl's pinions fail,  
As over Whitby's towers they sail,  
And sinking down, with flutterings taint,  
They do their homage to the saint."

St. Serf, an old Scottish monk, had a pet ram which he had raised and used to follow him about. The laird of Tillicoultry stole the animal and "ate him up in pieces small." Being accused of the theft, the laird declared on oath that he had neither stolen nor eaten the ram. Whereupon, so runs the old legend, the ram "bleated in his wayme!" The saint predicted that no heir born to the estate of Tillicoultry should succeed to his patrimony, which prediction has been verified down to our own time. During the last two centuries Tillicoultry has been in the possession of thirteen different families, and in no case has the heir born to it become the owner. Lord Colville, a distinguished soldier of the time of James VI., retired to his estate of Tillicoultry to spend the rest of his life in retirement. Walking on the terrace one day, he slipped while looking up at an old hawthorn tree, and fell down the bank and was instantly killed. The estate was afterwards sold to the Earl of Stirling, at whose death it was sold to Sir Alexander Rollo, and so it has passed from one family to another down to our time. In 1837, it was bought by Mr. Stirling, who was accidentally killed. His brother, not the born heir, succeeded him, but sold it in 1842 to Mr. Anstruther, who in turn sold it to his brother, the present proprietor.

(To be continued).



## GEN. GRANT AS A LAUNDRYMAN.

BY LYDIA A. STRAWN.

It is not always safe to play a practical joke unless you are thoroughly acquainted with your victim. It is sometimes sadly true that the "biter is bitten."

We were gathered around a bright fire in a cozy sitting room. The Colonel to our great delight had gone back twenty-four years to his tent at the base of Kenesaw Mountain, and was again, as in those past eventful years, following the banner of Sherman. Suddenly an odd thought flashed into the writer's mind, and found expression in a question.

"Colonel," I said, "I have read and heard a great deal about army life; but on one point I was never much enlightened. How was the washing done? Who did it for the soldiers? A smile stole around the corners of the Colonel's rather stern mouth, his black eyes twinkled.

"Usually the soldiers did it for themselves, but I remember one case where Gen. Grant did some washing for a soldier." Everybody looked up in surprise. Much as we had heard of Gen. Grant's old army blouse and democratic ways among his men, this idea of his washing for a private was very novel. There was a chorus of questions and exclamations.

"Was it really true? Did he wash for the soldiers? How did it happen? Tell us about it?" "Yes," said the Colonel. "It is really true, and it happened in this way. It was during our advance upon Corinth; several soldiers were talking together one day. A tall, ungainly, raw recruit stepped up to them with a bundle of soiled clothes in his hand. 'Do you know where I can get this washing done?' he asked.

"Two of the group were practical jokers; a bright thought flashed into their heads, and as the sequel shows, unfortunately found expression. 'Oh, yes, we know; just go up there with your bundle,' pointing to the headquarters of Gen. Grant, 'you will see a short, stout man (describing the General), who does washing. Take your bundle to him.'

"The recruit thanked them and walked off in the direction indicated. He gained entrance to headquarters, and stood in the General's presence. 'What can I do for you,' said Gen. Grant. 'I was directed here by a couple of soldiers. They told me that you did washing, and I have a bundle here.'

"Gen. Grant probably enjoyed the situation, but his imperturbable face did not relax. He simply asked the question. 'Could you identify those men again?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Very well you shall have the chance.'

"Turning to an orderly, he directed him to call a guard, go with the recruit to where the jokers were standing ready to enjoy his discomfiture, and let him identify them. 'Take the men to the guard house, give them this man's bundle of clothing and make them wash it thoroughly. See that the work is well done.'

"The General was obeyed to the letter, and no more bundles of soiled clothes came to Gen. Grant's headquarters."—*Treasure Trove, April, 1888.*

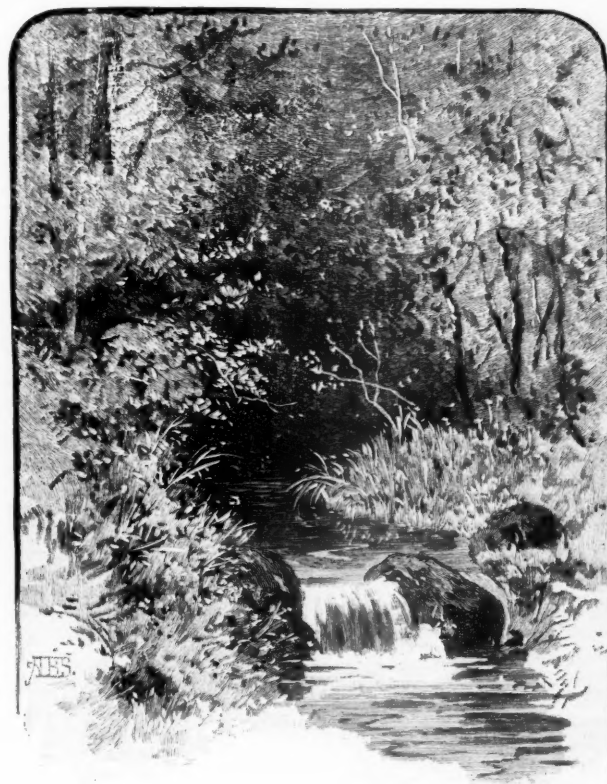
Wife(who has the foreign language "spasm,")—"John, do you know I'm getting on splendidly with my French? I am really beginning to think in the language." Husband (interested in his paper)—"Is that so? Let me hear you think a little while in French?"

## THE CAT DROVE THE BURGLAR.

The cackling of geese saved Rome, and the intelligent cries of a cat in a Boston South-End doctor's house, early Sunday morning, saved to the owner some valuables which otherwise would have been carried away by burglars, who made a hasty exit when tabby set up her vigorous protest.

## HE WON THE PRIZE.

In the list of prizes awarded by the Massachusetts Humane Society, for bravery in saving life, as recently published, occurs this odd entry: "A bronze medal and collar to the dog which rescued a woman from drowning, at Wadsworth, April 2." The dog's name is not recorded, but his deed and its reward are thus enrolled.



GOD MADE THE COUNTRY, MAN MADE THE TOWN.

## HORSES IN ST. PETERSBURG.

One can find poor horses in Russia I suppose, but very few in Petersburg or the other large cities. They are tall, long-legged animals, with slender bodies and limbs, long silken manes and tails, the latter nearly always reaching to the ground, small heads, small feet, large intelligent eyes, and necks arched like the chargers one sees in pictures of the Bedouins in the desert. I always thought that such horses were the creation of the artists, but Russia is full of them. The Ishvoshtnik is always proud of his horse, if he is a good one. Nearly all the time he is disengaged he is either petting or rubbing his horse, and at intervals he brings out a little nose bag from under the seat, to feed him oats or meal. The harness of the horse is as light as leather can be made, none of the straps being more than half an inch in width, and most of them are round, not larger than a lead pencil. There is no breechen because there are no grades in Petersburg; the country is perfectly level. *There are no blinders on the bridle, and the horse fears nothing; he will walk up to a locomotive with as much indifference as his master. He never shies, never gets rattled, never runs away, but is perfectly obedient to the voice of his master. I did not see a whip during my entire stay in Petersburg,* but the Ishvoshtnik keeps up a continual one-sided conversation with his fleet-footed partner. The effect of the driver's voice is peculiar, and an observant rider will be interested in studying this odd relationship.—WILLIAM CURTIS, in *Chicago News*.

(For Our Dumb Animals).

## THE BROOK.

From a fountain  
In a mountain.  
Drops of water ran  
Trickling through the grasses;  
So our brook began.

Slow it started;  
Soon it darted,  
Cool and clear and free,  
Rippling over pebbles,  
Hurrying to the sea.

Children straying  
Came a-playing  
On its pretty banks;  
Glad, our little brooklet  
Sparkled up its thanks.

Blossoms floating,  
Mimic boating,  
Fishes darting past,  
Swift and strong and happy,  
Widening very fast.

Bubbling, singing,  
Rushing, ringing,  
Flecked with shade and sun,  
Soon our pretty brooklet  
To the sea has run.

ELLEN SOULE CARHART.

A young lady in Philadelphia is said to have had five lovers all named Samuel. Her photograph album might be properly called *the book of Samuel*.—*Drake's Magazine*.

"THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN  
AND EARTH, HORATIO, THAN ARE  
DREAMT OF IN YOUR  
PHILOSOPHY."

We take from the *New York Witness* of June 20, the following:

The Society for Psychical Research has brought to light many wonderful things in the past few years in connection with the instantaneous transference of thought between persons widely separated. Animals also seem to have something very analogous. A writer in the *North American Review*, Arthur Mark Cummings, under the heading "*The Death Instinct in Animals*," gives a case, for the truth of which he vouches, of what seems to have been "transference of thought" between a cow and her calf. He says: "The farmer who owned them kept the calf in his barn, but drove the cow to a distant pasture every morning with the rest of the herd. She soon became reconciled to the arrangement, and was accustomed to feed quietly until it was time to return to her calf. One day the farmer killed the calf suddenly and painlessly. *There was no outcry; no chance for the cow to see the deed.* She was at a distance from the barn, which apparently precluded the possibility of her knowing what had been done. *Yet no sooner was the calf dead than she left her grazing with the rest of the herd, and came up to the bars lowing and showing every symptom of uneasiness.* There she stayed from noon till milking time, moving about restlessly as she had never done before. There was no communication possible so far as human senses could perceive between mother and offspring; yet there is no doubt that the cow had some dim knowledge, and that she suffered more than the calf did." Mr. Cummings gives a couple of other instances of what he calls the "death instinct" in animals, one of which seems to point to "transference of thought" between a man and a tortoise-shell cat he was about to kill.

THIEF CAUGHT BY A BEAR.

The following, said to have happened not far from Los Angeles, is too good to be lost. An Italian, who was traveling through the country with a bear which he had trained to wrestle and dance, stopped before a farmer's house late one afternoon, and, after amusing the family with his performances, obtained permission to stay all night. The bear was placed in the barn for safe keeping. During the night the family were aroused by a terrible noise in the barn. Some one was screaming, "Murder! Help!" and apparently engaged in a struggle for his life.

The farmer hastened to the spot, followed by the Italian and others of the house, and found the tame bear with a man in his embrace, hugging him tightly, while the poor fellow struggled to escape.

The man proved to be a thief butcher, who had come to the barn to steal a calf. In the darkness he had stumbled over the bear, who had seized him and held him fast. The Italian, learning how matters stood, called out, "Hug him, Jack," and the bear continued to hug him unmercifully until the farmer concluded that he had been sufficiently punished, when he was released. The story soon spread abroad, and the butcher left the neighborhood to escape the ridicule to which it subjected him.—*San Pedro (Cal.) Clipper*.

A BAD STRIKE.

At noon yesterday an astonished and indignant man might have been seen in front of his house on Brush street. Having a disagreeable neighbor on his right, he had bought lumber and hired a man to build a high fence to shut off that neighbor's kitchen and dining-room windows from light and air. The job was completed as he came up, and he rubbed his hands and chuckled over it until his wife came to the door with trouble in her look.

"What is it?"

She waved her hand.

There was another high fence just completed on the other side of his house. It shut out every window from kitchen to parlor, and had been erected by the neighbor on his left. The man looked, and backed into his house with the observation:

"Well—I—I never thought two could play at this game!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

ENGINEERING.

A New York paper speaks of a couple of orioles that have built a nest in a tree at Central Park. In order that no animal able to climb a tree might reach their nest, they built at the extreme end of a light branch. When the work was half done they saw that the little house was bending the branch so far toward the earth that when full of young ones it would be too near the ground. They sat on the branch studying their house for a time, and then flew off in search of a string. They found some twine in the park, and with it united the two elastic boughs to a branch overhead, resuming their nest building after the string had been firmly woven. *There were brains in that engineering operation.*—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

DON'T SQUEEZE IT.

A little girl was wondering what was the matter with her thumb, and complained that it hurt every time she squeezed it. Her mother advised her not to squeeze it. "But," she responded, "if I don't squeeze it, how can I tell whether it hurts?" This little girl may be taken as a sample of the human race. *How we nurse our wrath and coddle our grievances and pet our wounds, and are continually squeezing them to see if they hurt. The better way is not to squeeze it. Let it alone to get well and avoid a good deal of pain.*—*Springfield Union*.

A DOG WITH A GOLD TOOTH.

Juno, a Laverick setter of excellent pedigree, owned by Dr. A. N. Roussel, a dentist of Brooklyn, N. Y., now rejoices in a gold-filled tooth. Dr. Roussel noticed a defective tooth in the dog's head and determined to fill it. Juno was persuaded to take a seat in the chair while the doctor drilled out the cavity and filled in the gold. The dog stood it like a major and looked up gratefully when the work was finished.

With the hairpin a woman opens envelopes, fastens her dress, suspends a calendar or picture on the wall, picks her teeth or cuts apart the leaves of her magazine or book. It becomes on occasion an improvised nut-pick or shoe and glove buttoner; or is as quickly transformed into a hook, scoop or crank. Nor is this a complete catalogue of the manifold uses of the modest hairpin.—*Woman's Chronicle*.

LILY'S BALL.

Lily gave a party,  
And her little playmates all  
Gayly dressed, came in their best,  
To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose  
Sat and never stirred,  
And, except in whispers,  
Did not speak a word.

Tulip fine, and Dahlia  
Shone in silk and satin;  
Learned old Convolvulus  
Was tiresome with his Latin.

Snow-drops nearly fainted  
Because the room was hot,  
And went away, before the rest,  
With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,  
Rose with Violet;  
Silly daisy fell in love  
With pretty Mignonette.

But when they danced the country dance,  
One could scarcely tell  
Which of these two danced it best,—  
Cowslip, or Heather-bell.

Between the dances, when they all  
Were seated in their places,  
I thought I'd never seen before  
So many pretty faces.

But of all the lovely maidens  
I saw at Lily's ball,  
Darling Lily was to me  
The loveliest of them all.

And when the dance was over,  
They went down stairs to sup,  
And each had a slice of honey cake  
With dew in a buttercup.

And all were dressed to go away  
Before the set of sun;  
Then Lily said "Good-bye!" and gave  
A kiss to every one.

And before the moon or a single star  
Was shining overhead,  
Lily and all her little friends  
Were fast asleep in bed.

—*Fun and Earnest*.

THE LITTLE DOG FOR THE BURGLAR.

From an article in the *Washington Star* on the ways of burglars, we take this:

"The greatest enemy this class of thieves has is the small dog that is allowed to travel over the house. If when they enter the dog happens to be up stairs he barks and alarms the occupants of the house, and as the thief approaches him he barks until he gets under the bed or some other piece of furniture, and continues barking until the thief either leaves the house through fear or because the barking dog has attracted the attention of some one in the house. Such a dog is feared by thieves more than a mastiff."

THERE is great virtue in horse shoes. A woman who had a drunken husband for years, nailed a horseshoe over her door, and her husband ran away with the hired girl before a month.

The greatest hard-ships in the world are England's ironclads.—*Ocean*.



## WHAT ONE LITTLE WOMAN DID.

Something happened in Bloomington, Ind., the night of January 31, which is worthy of admiration. It was the act of a clear-headed and self-possessed woman, in a time requiring the strongest nerve. The lady is a little lady, delicate in form and face, with a natural expression that seems to ask for protection. Yet no strong man could have been braver than she. On the evening in question the Paul E. Slocumb Woman's Relief Corps of Bloomington were holding an entertainment in the Grand Army Hall. A stage had been improvised for the occasion. Decorations, flags and flowers made the interior as pretty as a bower. The programme was well arranged and was being finely executed. The President of the Corps, Mrs. Sarah E. Pittman, the lady member of the Board of Trustees of the Knightstown Soldiers' Orphans' Home, was master of ceremonies. The orchestra was discoursing to the audience which literally filled the seating and standing capacity of the hall, when Mrs. Pittman was called to the private entrance and whisperingly told *that the floor to the hall was slowly settling and giving away, and the audience must be gotten out as quickly as possible.* With a thrill of fear, and a thought of loved ones and friends the little lady turned and walked to the front of the stage, standing in the flare of the oil-lighted room, knowing that a word of fear would occasion a panic, a crash and a fire from the illuminating material then burning. There was but one exit for the audience, a small door, a narrow hall and stairway. With a wave of the hand to the leader of the orchestra and a commanding "stop" the music ceased, when Mrs. Pittman said to the audience, "Owing to the sudden indisposition of one of our performers, our programme must end at this point and I would be pleased to have you pass out of the hall as quietly and quickly as possible." The audience did not seem to comprehend, when the lady waved her hand and said firmly "pass quickly, pass out quickly." In five minutes the hall was vacated, the crowd was in the street, and then the word flew from one to another of the threatened danger, and many went to the store room below and saw what must have been inevitable in a few minutes more, if the sinking floor had not been discovered.—*The Woman's News.*

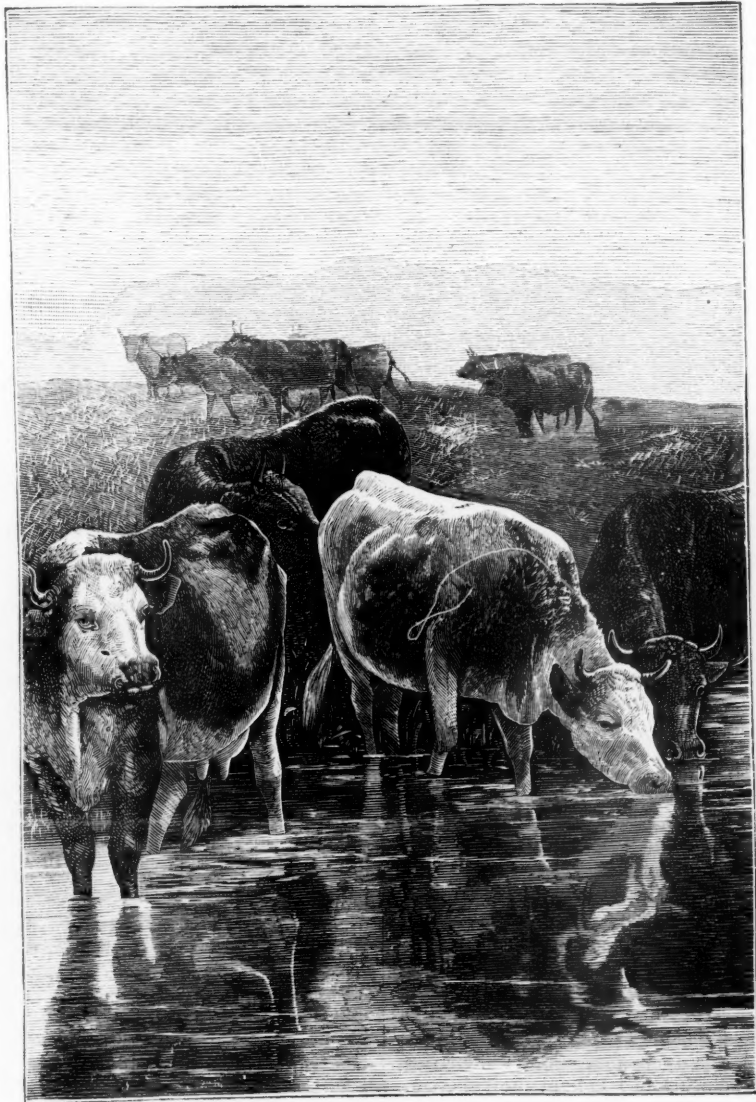
## THE ROBIN'S COURAGE.

Last summer I went to Tannersville, a lovely village among the Catskill Mountains. One day I was lying in the hammock, which was swung in a lovely apple orchard, and papa was sitting near, when we heard a robin's cry of distress. We looked up and saw a large robin fly quickly down, and with her bill hit a squirrel right in the face. The squirrel looked surprised, then scampered off for a short distance, and sat up and made such grimaces at the robin that we almost laughed aloud. Then the robin flew up into the air, and again came swooping down—quite like a hawk—and gave the squirrel another hard tap with her bill. The squirrel would strike back, then run away, chattering. The squirrel ran every time.

The battle lasted for twenty minutes, and then the squirrel, getting the worst of it, beat a retreat. The robin flew up into a tree and cried piteously for a long time.

Papa said that he thought the squirrel had destroyed the robin's nest or broken the eggs.—*Swiss Cross.*

O. E. P.



CATTLE IN THE SUMMER.—By Rosa Bonheur.

## A SINCERE MOURNER.

People who attended the funeral of Philip Cassidy saw manifestations of animal love for man. In his lifetime Mr. Cassidy owned a nanny goat, to which he was very kind. The animal was very docile, and used to feed from its owner's hands. When the attendants started from the house to the church, the goat took its place in the rear of the procession. It remained there but a few moments, however, and as the funeral train wound over the hills, made its way several times through the line of vehicles. When it reached the hearse the goat took its place by its side and began to bleat and utter plaintive cries. The attendants could not drive it away, and when the church was reached it remained without until the ceremony was over. It then took up its journey to the cemetery in the rear of the procession, where it stayed only a few moments, and again took its place beside the hearse. When the gate to the burying ground was reached the animal was determined to enter, but the efforts of several men and dogs kept it out.—*Omaha letter.*

## TRAINED BLOOD-HOUNDS.

Last week William Cantrell returned from Texas with a pair of well trained blood-hounds. They were purchased to run down thieves and fire-bugs. Last Saturday the dogs were tested. A man started from a given point, going several miles into the country, traveling through fields and among stock of all kinds, wading across creeks and branches, thus making the long trail a difficult one. A few hours after the man had started the dogs were put on the trail. At once their blood was up and they started in hot pursuit. They never faltered, but followed the trail through all its windings and finally came up with him at Capt. Walton's barn where he had taken refuge. This test proves the dogs to be in every way suitable to the purpose for which they were purchased and now incendiaries and thieves will have to be very cautious or they can not escape the blood-hounds.

It is purposed to keep the dogs closely confined and permit them to see no one but the keeper and when a crime is committed, the dogs being eager for a race, will readily run down and capture the perpetrators.—*The Tennessean.*

## JESSIE AND THE GOAT.

"Dear me! If only I could go home through the field!"

School was just out and little Jessie May, warm and tired, looked longingly over the cool, green field. It was a much shorter way home, as well as more pleasant, to go through the field than to go around by the dusty road. But Mr. Rawson's goat was pastured there. He was a very cross old fellow, and the terror of the school children. Mr. Rawson had said it was not at all safe for the small children to enter the field while the goat was there; so going home that way this afternoon was not to be thought of.

As Jessie cast a last longing look in that direction, before turning down the dusty road, she gave a cry of delight: "Why I do believe old Billy is gone! I can't see him anywhere. Mr. Rawson must have taken him out of the pasture."

Climbing upon the fence she looked long and carefully. No goat was in sight, so she jumped down from the fence into the long, cool grass of the field.

She had gone about half way across when Mr. Billy—who all this time had been lying buried in the deep grass, taking an afternoon nap—gathered himself up for a good shake.

As he caught sight of Jessie tripping along, he gazed for a while in astonishment. It was only for a moment, for the next instant he gave his head a vicious shake, as though to say "What right have you here, I should like to know?" and started in hot pursuit.

Jessie soon heard the quick patter, patter of his small feet. A terrified glance behind her showed her the goat, with lowered head, rushing directly at her.

Just as she despaired of making her escape, she saw a large stump where a tree had recently been cut down. It stood almost directly in her path, and was large enough for her to hide behind it.

Quick as a flash off came her white apron, and was quickly tied around the stump, on the side toward which the goat was coming.

With a widely beating heart Jessie crouched behind the stump to await the result.

She was completely hidden and Mr. Goat, with head bent so low that he caught but a glimpse of the white apron, did not discover that it was the stump that wore it, and not Jessie.

He came rushing on, and his head struck the stump with terrible force.

All was still, and when the trembling little girl ventured to peep around the stump there lay the goat, apparently lifeless. Seizing her little apron, she sped swiftly over the rest of the field, and was soon at home safe in her mother's arms.

Was the goat killed? Well, he was so badly stunned that he did not revive for some time.

When Jessie was on her way to school the next morning she met Mr. Rawson coming out of the pasture. He did not know, until Jessie told him, what hurt the goat. When she had finished telling him about it, he said, "Well! Well! I must say you have a wise little head, not to let your 'thinking-cap' blow off as soon as you get frightened."  
— *Our Little Ones.*

## HEAVY ARTILLERY.

Lieutenant Derby of the U. S. army tells this: "One of our Western forts was in command of a major of artillery who was constantly lamenting that his favorite arm could not be more frequently used against the Indians. Finally one day he took one of the small howitzers which defended the fort, and had it securely strapped to the back of an army mule, with the muzzle projecting over the animal's tail. With this novel gun carriage he proceeded with the captain and a sergeant to a bluff on the bank of the Missouri, near which was encamped a band of friendly Indians. The gun was duly loaded and primed, the fuse inserted, and the mule backed to the edge of the bluff. The major remarking something about the moral effect the exhibition was likely to produce upon our Indian allies, stepped forward and applied the match to the fuse.

The curiosity of the mule was aroused. He jerked his head around to see what was fizzing on his back, and the next second his feet were bunched together and he was making forty revolutions a minute, while the gun was threatening everything within a radius of half a mile. The captain shinned up the only available tree. The sergeant threw himself flat on the ground and tried to dig a hole with his bayonet to crawl into, while the fat major rolled over and over, alternately invoking the protection of Providence and cursing the mule. Finally the explosion came, the ball went through the roof of the fort and the recoil of the gun and the wild leap of the terrified mule carried both over the bluff to a safe anchorage at the bottom of the river. The discomfited party returned sadly to the fort.

Shortly after, the chief of the Indians appeared and announced briefly: "*Injun go home.*"

Questioned as to why, he thus explained: "*Injun ver' brave; help white man. Injun use gun, use bow 'arrow, use knife; but when white man fire off whole jackass, Injun no understand.*"  
— *Treasure Trove.*

## THE SONG OF THE BEE.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!

This is the song of the bee.

His legs are of yellow,

A jolly good fellow,

And yet a good worker is he.

In days that are sunny

He's getting his honey;

In days that are cloudy

He's hoarding his wax.

On pinks and on lilies,

And Columbine blossoms

He levies a tax.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!

The sweet-smelling clover

He humming hangs over;

Makes fragrant his wings;

He never gets lazy,

From the thistle and daisy

And the weeds of the meadow

Some treasure he brings.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!

From the morning's first gray light

Till fading of daylight,

He's singing and toiling

The summer day through.

Oh! we may get weary,

And think work is dreary;

'Tis harder by far

To have nothing to do.

— *Nancy Nelson Pendleton, in St. Nicholas.*

## SPARROW LANGUAGE AND CHARACTER.

In his history of the sparrow, the English ornithologist, Mr. George Roberts, finds one key to the aggressive, self-sustaining, colonizing power of the bird in its superior mental capacity and copious language. He says:

"Constant association with man and with the domestic animals that surround him, together with its own sociability, has caused the sparrow to contract a language that is superior to that of most other birds.

"From the fact of being numerous, it has many enemies, and the burden of its life is to avoid its enemies. Adversity sharpens its wits. When feeding in the open, exposed fields, it is always alert to receive or give a note of alarm. All the suspicious and adroit movements of its enemies are understood. Very often does the well-known note of the watchful sentinel enable a whole flock to save their lives.

"The copiousness of the sparrow's vocabulary is perhaps most noticeable in spring, during the breeding-time. The various notes of alarm, fear, warning, menace, reproof, pleasure or gratulation are then most demanded; then is the whole energy of its language displayed.

"The business of pairing, selecting a site for the nest, collecting proper materials, weaving them into shape, sitting in turns, feeding the young and protecting them when fledged, could not be done without a constant interchange of ideas. Teaching the young how to procure food and how to avoid danger, and retrieving them from numberless little mishaps that befall inexperienced or weakly birds, are tasks which require a great amount of tact and intelligence.

"The father sparrow takes considerable pains in training and guarding the young. When he thinks they have been rocked in their feathery hammocks long enough, he sits on a branch and calls them from the nest. For a day or two they occupy any little convenient perch that happens to be near the entrance to the nest, the old ones bringing them food constantly.

"Having acquired command of wing, they are then escorted to the nearest feeding grounds, and trained to seek their own food, being guarded all the time with the greatest care.

"If at any time the young should be left alone, and no old ones on the scene, and an enemy turn up, the old ones instantly appear, and by word and example endeavor to call them and attract them to some place of safety.

"Neither the young nor the old are guided entirely by instinct; they deport themselves according to circumstances. They often have to decide which is the best of two ways of escape or defence in the twinkling of an eye.

"In these cases the old ones frequently display great boldness and sagacity, generally throwing themselves within the sphere of danger. Sparrows often assist other birds to save their young.

"When a cat is tracking a young bird, a note of alarm is soon given, and a host of birds appear upon the scene and commence to fly round the enemy, giving vent to the most abusive language. Some chatter and frisk about in the trees, evincing the greatest possible agitation and concern.

"Swallows utter loud, execrating notes, and swoop down so threateningly and so near that the cat actually raises its paw to strike in self-defence. During this extraordinary commotion the young bird contrives to make its escape. The old ones, perceiving this, then retire as suddenly as they appeared, leaving the cat standing motionless, with tail erect, wondering at the oddity of the thing.

"The question how far young birds receive artificial instruction from their parents, and the whole subject of bird-language in its different branches, has received considerable attention in Germany."

Our young American observers of bird-life cannot fail to find this line of investigation a very inviting and enjoyable one. *It is in the study of live birds, not dead ones, or stuffed specimens, that the best discoveries of the future are to be made.*— *Golden Days.*

## SPARE THE BIRDS!

*The Slaughter of the Innocents.*

BY MISS ELIZABETH FREELAND.

O God! that Thou wouldst touch my tongue  
With fervor so Divine  
That ev'ry heart might feel my words  
As they were words of Thine.

O Thou that know'st all human hearts,  
Know'st all they have or need,  
I pray Thee make them tender,  
And give me power to plead!

Thou know'st the little birds, O Lord,  
The birds that Thou hast made;  
Thou seest them singing in the sun,  
And brooding in the shade.

The bonny, bonny little birds!  
It is their hour of need;  
They have no power to beg for life;  
It is for them I plead.

The human cry to God is still  
For mercy, mercy solely;  
The birds sing only, "God be praised,"  
And "Holy, holy, holy."

They have no power to cry to us  
When pride or fashion slays them  
For woman who pretends to love,  
And, Judas-like, betrays them—

For woman, who will praise the song,  
Then bid them slay the singer,  
That the wee head or tortured breast  
Some added charm may bring her.

Could ye but see the bright wings torn  
From birds alive and bleeding,  
And note their quivering agony,  
I had no need for pleading;

The wingless form flung in the dirt,  
Its deathly pain and terror  
Would wake in every woman's heart  
A bitter sense of error.

Ten thousand thousand little birds  
In cruel hands a-dying,  
Have heard, with breaking mother hearts,  
Their hungry nestlings crying.

\* \* \* \* \*

The bonny, bonny, little birds!  
It is their hour of need;  
They have no power to beg for life;  
It is for them I plead.

## FLEET BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

There seems to be no doubt that the "frigate bird," an inhabitant of the tropical seas, is the swiftest bird that flies. It has been impossible to calculate its rate of flight within fixed limits. The pectoral muscles are immensely developed, and weigh nearly one-fourth as much as the whole body of the bird. Another rapid flyer is the common "black swift." It has been computed that the great speed it attains is about 276 miles an hour, which, if maintained for about six hours, would carry the bird from its summer retreat in England to Central Africa. Our American "canvas back duck" is commonly computed to be capable of flying 200 miles an hour.—*New York Dispatch.*

A wise man adapts himself to circumstances,  
as water shapes itself to the vessel that contains  
it.

"THERE is no virtue in vinegar," says a scientist.  
None, eh? It does what many so-called virtuous people do not  
do—supports its aged mother.—*Binghamton Republican.*



HOW KATE HELPED HER FATHER.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## HOW KATE HELPED HER FATHER.

Kate lived in the fresh green country. She slept with the sound of the brook and the notes of the whippoorwills in her ears all night long, and woke with the birds in the morning, as bright and happy as they.

But this morning she slept quite late, and was waked up by her father's voice calling under her window, "Come Kate, my little girl, I want you to ride horseback for me today. Get right up and eat your breakfast; for we must be off."

Kate's father was a farmer. He liked to have his little daughter with him while he was at work; for he knew the fresh air would do her good. She was glad to be waked in this way; for she was always ready to ride horseback, and liked, above all things, to help her father.

So she sprang up quickly, and found a bowl of nice bread and milk all ready for her breakfast. She ate it with a good relish in her favorite seat under the big pine tree. By that time her father came up, leading old Nell, who was all harnessed, and ready to be hitched on to the cultivator.

And now, for fear that you don't know what a cultivator is, I must tell you. It is a large three-cornered tool shaped like an A. Under its frame it has big spreading teeth, which go tearing along between rows of corn or potatoes, heaping the earth around their roots. It has handles like a plow; but, as the person who holds them must be far from the horse, it is much easier for him if some one is riding and driving.

Now, this is the way in which Kate was to help her father. The cornfield was quite far from the house; so when Nell stopped by the bank, Kate's father mounted, and, holding out a firm hand and foot to Kate, said, "Put your foot on mine, dear, and give a light spring." She did so, and in a second was seated on old Nell's back, in front of her father.

When they reached the field where the cultivator was, he hitched Nell to the traces, and let Kate drive. She knew very well how to keep Nell's heavy feet off the hills of

corn. But sometimes, while Kate was looking at the bobolinks, and listening to their songs, Nell would turn clumsily around, and down would go two or three of the little green hills. This made Kate more careful, and her father praised her for a famous little horse-woman.

Several times that morning she heard the notes of what her father called the planting-bird, singing, "Put in, put in! Cover up, cover up! Quick, quick, quick!"

In a few hours the field was cultivated; and her father said he would leave the rest till the next day. So he unhitched the traces, and left the cultivator standing by the fence. "Now, would you like a canter home?" asked her father.

"Of course I would, papa. You know how much I always like that," answered Kate. Nell's pace was as easy as a cradle. They galloped to the open door of the stable. Kate bobbed her head, and in they went.

Then Kate slid off, climbed upon the manger, loosened the throat-lash of the bridle, and tied a rope around Nell's neck. Nell understood this all very well; for, when she felt the bridle loosened she opened her mouth, and dropped out the bit. Kate gave her a bunch of hay, and went into the house.

KATE.

## MARY STUART AND HER MOURNER.

(From Chalmers's *Life of the Scottish Queen.*)

A circumstance occurred at the close of the sad tragedy which added greatly to the interest of the afflicting scene. When the Queen's faithful servants were repulsed by the executioner, one faithful attendant still lingered and refused to be thrust away. Mary's little skye terrier had followed her to the scaffold unnoticed, had crept closer to her when she had laid her head on the block, and was found crouching under her garments, saturated with her blood; it was only by violence he could be removed, and then he went and lay between her head and body, moaning piteously. From that moment he could never be induced to partake of food, but pined himself to death. While fidelity shall be considered as a virtue, this remarkable instance of affectionate attachment will be regarded with deep interest.





NO BLINDERS NOR CHECK-REIN.

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The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

#### BRIDGET AND THE HANDKERCHIEF.

A distinguished professor of chemistry placed a linen handkerchief in the explosive condition of gun cotton and threw it into the wash. Bridget washed, dried, and sprinkled it ready for ironing without a suspicion of its character. The moment she placed the hot iron upon it the handkerchief vanished into thin air, nearly frightening the poor girl out of her senses.

#### Cases Reported at Office in May and June.

For beating, 38; over-working and over-loading, 12; over-driving, 12; driving when lame or galled, 71; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 4; abandoning, 2; torturing, 17; driving when diseased, 7; cruelly transporting, 3; general cruelty, 68.

Total, 234.

Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecution, 77; warnings issued, 86; not found, 16; not substantiated, 28; anonymous, 9; prosecuted, 19; convicted, 16; pending, 2; (Nos. 14 and 16.)

Animals taken from work, 48; horses and other animals killed, 96.

#### By Country Agents, Second Quarter, 1888.

For beating, 21; over-working and over-loading, 19; over-driving, 12; driving when lame or galled, 72; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 8; abandoning, 6; torturing, 2; driving when diseased, 8; cruelly transporting, 6; general cruelty, 42.

Total, 205.

Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecution, 182; not substantiated, 7; prosecuted, 16; convicted, 14.

Animals taken from work, 50; killed, 31.

#### Receipts by the Society in June.

FINES.

Municipal Courts,—Boston, \$10; Chelsea, \$5; Cambridge, \$6; Lawrence, \$15; Lowell, \$15; Roxbury, \$15.

District Courts,—Western Hamden, \$15; Hampshire, (2 cases) \$10; East Norfolk, (2 cases) \$30; Eastern Hamden, (2 cases) \$20.

Witness' Fees, \$11.65. Total, \$152.65.

#### MEMBERS AND DONORS.

A Friend, \$342; Hon. A. E. Pillsbury, \$50; A Friend, \$50; E. Pierson Beebe, \$25; Mrs. John R. Blake, \$15; Arthur M. Merriam, \$10; Mrs. Gustave Preston, \$10; M. E. L. Hommedien, \$4; Cotuit Union Sunday School, \$3.88; Miss M. L. Stratton, \$1.50; Miss E. B. Hilles, \$1.50; Stephen E. Seymour, \$3.

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#### MISSIONARY FUND.

Mrs. Sarah R. Osgood, \$100; A Friend, \$58; Miss A. D. Fogg, \$5; Miss A. T. Dana, \$4; Miss H. L. Brown, \$3; Mary J. Carr, \$2. Total, \$172.00.

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Interest, \$408.90; Publications sold, \$80.04. Total, \$1614.47.

CARLYLE says: "A man who sings at his work is a good man." Maybe so. But how about the mosquito?

KEEP good company or none.

#### Publications Received from Kindred Societies.

Animal World. London, England.

Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.

Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.

Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.

Zoophilist. London, England.

Animal's Friend. Vienna, Austria.

Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.

Providence, R. I. Eighteenth Annual Report

of the Rhode Island S. P. C. A., for 1887-8.

Berne, Switzerland. Annual Report of the

Berne S. P. A., for 1887.

Calcutta, India. Annual Report of the Calcutta

S. P. A., for 1887.

Riga, Russia. Annual Report of the Livonian

S. P. A., for 1887.

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